

Pictorial Humor

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.



Dick—"You're the only woman I ever loved."
Ethel—"You're joking."
Dick—"No, truly. The others were all girls."

As It Might Have Been.

Wederly—"I don't believe the average mother-in-law is half as black as she is painted."

Singleton—"Don't you, really?"
Wederly—"No. My mother-in-law tried to do me a favor once that would probably have made me happy for life had she succeeded."

Singleton—"What did she do—attempt suicide?"

Wederly—"No. She refused her consent to my marriage with her daughter, but I like a blooming idiot, induced the girl to elope with me."

The Professor.

It was early on the morning of Oct. 9, 1901, the thirtieth anniversary of the great fire.

The professor being unable to sleep, had gone out of doors to look at the stars.

Suddenly the glare of a tremendous conflagration down-town caught his eye, and he heard the rattle and rumble of fire engines hastening to the scene of danger.

"Well," he said, "it's quite evident that for the last thirty years Chicago has been between two fires."

KNOW HIS DUTIES.

A young clerk in a wholesale house has been spending a large portion of his salary for the last few days buying cigars for friends who are "on" to a joke that was perpetrated on him. His employer engaged a new boy, and as soon as the boy came to the establishment he was instructed in his duties by our friend, who had been promoted to the position of assistant bookkeeper and given a small office by himself. About an hour after the boy started in the boss came around, and seeing him working, asked:

"Has the assistant bookkeeper told you what to do?"
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "he told me to wake up when I saw you coming around."

He went fishing, and when he came back a friend met him and asked:
"Did you catch anything?"
"No!" in a tone of scorn.
"Well," exclaimed the friend, "you are truthful, anyhow, which all fishermen are not."

"As to that," responded the fisherman, "perhaps you might have called them fish, but I wouldn't. The biggest one I got only weighed 12 pounds."—Stray Stories.

SUMMER KNOCKING.



Sister—"Mary received a box of lovely silk stockings from London yesterday."
Brother—"I guess you'll see her on the street every rainy day after this."

Kindly.

Miss Anteck—She's very rude. She told me yesterday that I was "a homely old thing."

Miss Goodheart—Yes, I heard her, and I took her to task for it afterward.

Miss Anteck—Did you really?
Miss Goodheart—Yes; I told her she should think how sensitive you must be about it.—Philadelphia Press.

Woman-Like.

Tess—She says she can't understand why people call him a flatterer.

Jess—She does, eh?
Tess—Yes; I guess it's because he never said anything flattering to her.

Jess—More likely he did say something flattering and she's trying to make herself believe he was in earnest.—Philadelphia Press.

Why He Escaped.

The Literary Editor: "That fellow Scribner sent in a poem this morning entitled 'Why do I live?'"

The Editor: "What did you do with it?"

The Literary Editor: "Returned it with an enclosed slip saying: 'Because you mailed this instead of bringing it personally.'"

A CINCH.



"If it wasn't for one thing, I bet that horse of mine could go a mile in a minute."
"What's the one thing?"
"The distance is too far for the time."

Hubbing It In.

Miss Cutting—I have a good joke on my cousin Clara. Without her glasses, you know, it is almost impossible for her to distinguish one person from another, and this morning she actually talked to a dummy in front of a clothing store for 10 minutes, thinking it was you.

Softleigh—Wheely! And how did she—aw—discover her mistake?

Miss Cutting—She didn't; there's where the joke comes in.—Chicago News.

At an Advantage.

"Binx is a bit of a bore, but he's very fond of children." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He can tell them all his stories without so much risk of their saying they have heard them before."—Washington Star.

Worse Yet.

Mother—"If you marry him in haste you will repent at leisure."

Daughter—"Well, I can't bear to think of any other girl repenting at leisure with him."—Pack.

ROOSEVELT STORIES.

INCIDENTS WHICH EXHIBIT VARIOUS CHARACTERISTICS.

Planting Onions—Amusing the Children with Pictures—A "Bluff" to a Coxcomb—His Onion Patch at Oyster Bay.

Much has been published about President Roosevelt's personality, but probably only those who have seen him from day to day in his family life can realize his extreme simplicity of manner and conduct. His home life has always been so delightful. In his leisure moments at Oyster Bay he has enjoyed the companionship of his family and taken a rare delight in directing the affairs of his small estate. Soon after his return from Cuba his aged gardener came up the walk, hoe in hand, and tipping his cap, said:
"Mr. Roosevelt, I've come to finish that talk we had the other day about those onion beds." "What talk, James?" asked Roosevelt, with a smile. "Oh," said the gardener, "you know that the afternoon you received that telegram to go to Cuba you and I were standing here and laying out an onion patch. If it suits you, let us plant those onions now!" And the onions were planted.

Amusing the Children.

The President has a quiver full of olive branches, and likes children other than his own. Except that he became busier and more accessible, Roosevelt carried the same domestic habits and preferences with him from his Oyster Bay home to the Governor's residence at Albany. One day a clique of New York city politicians who had come up on a special train to see Gov. Roosevelt rushed into the corridor of the Capitol and upset the office boys and secretaries. Gov. Roosevelt was absent from his room and no one knew just where he could be found. A dozen messengers were sent out in search for him, and after 10 or 15 minutes he was found, curled up in a corner with one or two neighbors' boys and a street arab, drawing pictures of ponies and guns on a writing table. The children had waylaid him and begged him to show them pictures of the guns and the mustangs he had in the war. At another time a New York artist found him in the executive chamber, half buried under children clambering over his chair, while he strove to show them photographs of the scenes of the campaign.

"Turning Down" a Coxcomb.

Some years ago, when President Roosevelt was better known among his friends as a devotee of sport and a seeker after health in the far west, he met repeatedly in New York city a young man who lost no opportunity to snub him, and who suggested without disguise the possibility of a final settlement on some "field of honor." Roosevelt met him for awhile with cool reserve and equally undisguised contempt, but finally astonished the upstart with a genial greeting, several extended conversations and a cordial invitation to his country home. The carriage was in waiting at the station, and Roosevelt received his guest with distinguished consideration, fed him on trout from the upper Adirondacks, and finally led him into his library and trophy room. Then, taking down a huge knife, Roosevelt ran his finger carelessly over the edge, remarked that it was the blade with which he had killed a savage Indian planning an assault upon his person, and handed the weapon over for closer examination. After that the President took up a little case, emptied it of a half dozen teeth, and remarked: "This, I'm proud to say, is all that is left of Jim, the chopper, who thought he ought to throw me down Hale's gulch, and fell into it himself. And this," said he, continuing, and reaching for a long, round pasteboard labeled "dynamite," "this is the invention of a friend of mine and known as the camper's and woodsman's companion—a bit of dynamite, equally handy to blow open the ice in the winter season for fishing or blow up—" The story, as told at Oyster Bay, is that the impudent young coxcomb suddenly became ill, excused himself to Roosevelt and hurried away home, never to annoy him again.

Motors That Failed.

A moving story is now being told in Paris, writes a correspondent, of the sad issue to a project for developing the French Sudan by means of motor cars. A company was formed about a year ago to make money by undertaking to purvey supplies to all the stations on the Sudan, Niger and Senegal in automobiles. Sixty were built at a cost of £489 each—strong wagons of nine horse power, fit for rough colonial wear and tear. Unhappily one detail had been overlooked. There are no roads in those far regions, and after experiences too painful to relate the cars had all to be abandoned in the wilds, where they still lie, so many objects of acute interest to the jackals. The upshot is that they still lie imbedded in the sands, and anybody who wants £28,000 worth of motors can have them for the fetching—from the African bush.

Sentimental Teddy.

Little Teddy (to mamma, who is cutting papa's hair)—"Mamma, may I take one of papa's curls?" Mamma—"Yes, darling." (To papa.) "See what an affectionate, sentimental angel that little fellow is. Even at his tender age he knows enough to press the mere curl on his dear papa's head." Little Teddy (as he sees mamma trying to pick him a good specimen)—"Hurry, mamma, I want it for a new tail for my horse."—New York Times.

GLIMPSES OF TWO POETS.

Miss Louisa Courtenay Dined with Southey and Samuel Rogers.

Miss Louisa Courtenay, a delightful old English lady who is rapidly nearing her ninetieth year, had the pleasure in her early girlhood of attending a dinner-party—her first—at which both Wordsworth and Southey were among the guests. The fortunate "miss of fifteen" sat next Southey at table. "I was placed by him at dinner," she says, "and had a good opportunity of judging of his noted taciturnity, for he never spoke a word. We had some roast mutton, and a dish of liver (a water-plant) stood before me; those were the days of side dishes and of silver epergnes with artificial flowers in them. My father was held to be something of a gourmet, and I was not his daughter for nothing; so after waiting a few moments to see if it would be handed round, I helped myself to some of the liver from the dish before me. Then Southey spoke: 'Young lady, I am glad to see that you appreciate liver; give me some.' I did so, and he relapsed into silence which remained unbroken till the end of the meal." Still farther back into the past another recollection of the fortunate Miss Courtenay carries us, and affords a glimpse of a far greater poet, less taciturn and less kindly than the tranquil-minded Southey. She dined often with the aged wit and poet, Samuel Rogers, and at one of his dinner-parties heard his reply to a guest who inquired if it was true that he had seen Pope. He had not; it would have been possible; but he had met a man—a waterman at Twickenham—who had often seen him. Rogers had pointed out Pope's villa to a friend while crossing the ferry. "Upon this the ferryman remarked that it had been much altered since Mr. Alexander Pope's time. So they had fallen into conversation, and the man, in reply to Mr. Rogers's question whether he remembered Mr. Pope, said he remembered him well. 'Mr. Alexander Pope—with a stress on the Alexander—used to come most days for a row in my father's boat. I was a lad then, and helped my father. When the weather was bad he would be brought down in his sedan-chair, for he was a delicate gentleman; chair and all would be put in the boat, and he sat in it while we rowed him up and down.' Cannot one see him—the little hunchbacked, delicate gentleman, looking out from his chair on the silvery Thames as he took his solitary airing up and down?"—Youth's Companion.

FRENCH IDEAS OF NEW YORK.

Steam Discarded and Electricity Considered Out of Date.

Le Martin, a Paris paper of considerable circulation, recently printed an article on New York city and the wonderful things to be seen there. Some of the statements are a trifle tall, as will be seen from the following extracts: "The Americans are decidedly intractable. While we are still using steam engines for our railways they have long ago tasted of the benefits of electrical traction, and now they are commencing to abandon electricity for compressed air. The New York line of Manhattan uses now, to the exclusion of all other modes, compressed air engines, and it appears that the results are so marvelous that the transatlantic papers proclaim steam as a thing of the past and electricity old-fashioned. The air is compressed in what the American calls a 'power station,' something like a gas factory. It is compressed until it attains an expansive power of 1,500 to 2,000 kilos per square centimeter that it occupies. It is then transferred on board the locomotive, where it is stored in a large steel tank, which replaces the boiler. There it is furthermore compressed by the use of reduction valves, and, reaching a certain pressure, it gets heated. It is then ready for use. In brief, to listen to the Americans, it is the locomotive long dreamed of."

Their Names on a Volcano.

Leon J. Dutton is back from Guatemala, says the Philadelphia Record, full of enthusiasm over the unsuspected beauties of the southern countries. Mr. Dutton's mission was to map out a route and prepare an itinerary for a party of Philadelphia archaeologists, who will leave this city in February thoroughly equipped to explore the ruins of ancient cities that were built centuries ago. One of Mr. Dutton's strangest experiences was encountered while traveling from Chama, in Guatemala, to Belize, in Honduras. In his path lay the extinct volcano of El Agua, the summit of which is 14,450 feet above the level of the sea. Ascending to this height he found a tablet of sandstone, on which an inscription had been carved. He had no difficulty in deciphering three names, as follows: Alexander L'dvert, St. Petersburg; Edward Leigh Page, London, and Joseph Croskey, Philadelphia. Under these names was the date August 26, 1824. A further inscription announced that the three travelers had on that spot opened a bottle of wine and drank a toast to the rulers of the three nations they represented.

Australia Wants a Navy.

A Sydney correspondent says that Sir John Forrest, the minister for defense, is engaged in drafting a federal naval policy. He announces the eventual formation of an absolutely Australian navy, which he looks upon as being speedily necessary. The existing system of paying Great Britain for her naval defense he deems unsatisfactory to the aspirations of the commonwealth. Meanwhile he proposes to maintain local brigades and to encourage the seafaring elements on the coast.

The Smallest Piece of Real Estate in New York City is for Sale.

The smallest parcel of real estate in New York city is for sale. It is located at the corner of Third avenue and East One Hundred and Forty-ninth street, and the lot is 6x11 inches. A new building is going up on the corner and the people who are erecting it wanted the small lot. They offered \$200 for the sit. Frederick Uhl, the owner, demands \$1,000, and will very likely receive it.

Webster's Slave.

Among the interesting things on view with the collection of books by negro authors at Buffalo is an autograph of Webster, dated March 19, 1847: "I have paid \$120 for the freedom of Paul Jennings. He agrees to work out the same at \$3 a month, to be found with board, clothes and washing, to begin when we return south. His freedom papers I give him. They are recorded in this district." This Jennings was the son of one of President Madison's slaves, his father being an Englishman of family. He became a body servant of Madison, and afterward wrote "A Colored Man's Reminiscences of President Madison."

Cripple's Good Fortune.

The London school board has opened the first of a series of schools for cripples. The children are taken from their homes to school in an ambulance, and afterward taken home by ambulance. The school curriculum includes a substantial midday meal.

The Teacher's Wife.

Clarissa, Minn., Oct. 28th.—Mrs. Clara Keys wife of Charles Keys, school teacher of this place, tells a wonderful story.

For years her life was one of misery. Her back ached all the time; her head ached all the time; neuralgia pains drove her to desperation. She used much medicine, but failed to get any relief till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. She says:

"Very soon after I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills all my aches and pains vanished like the morning dew. I consider this remedy a God-send to suffering womanhood."

Encouraged by their success in her own case, Mrs. Keys induced her mother, an old lady of 74 years, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills for her many aches and pains. Now both mother and daughter rejoice in perfect freedom from illness or suffering which is something neither had enjoyed for years before.

Began in Journalism.

Through the door of journalism, Marion Crawford has attained the fine position he holds as a novelist. His first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," was published twenty years ago. He now lives a great deal of his time in the United States. He was 47 years old on August 2.

Never Should Have Been Started.

The movement to raise funds to buy Admiral Cervera a loving cup has come to grief. His remarks about America in connection with Mr. McKinley's death did not please the "Cervera Memorial Association," of Sidney, N. Y., and that body has now decided that Cervera is undeserving of a testimonial.

The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability, and highest nutrient characteristics are retained. Their preparations are known the world over and have received the highest endorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer.

Edward's Chom.

One of the greatest of King Edward's favorites among the foreign ambassadors to England is M. de Soveral, the Portuguese ambassador. He is a fine looking man, with black eyes, a huge moustache slightly touched with gray, and is almost entirely bald. His wit is inexhaustible and his knowledge of English perfect.

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Still Mrs. Blackburn.

Mrs. Mary Blackburn, for many years a clerk in the war department at Washington, has resigned to become the bride of Senator-elect Blackburn, of Kentucky. Mrs. Blackburn is the widow of the late Judge H. H. Blackburn of Martinsburg, W. Va., a distant relative of Senator Blackburn.

Trifling that Costs.

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